

## DC Happenings

-I'm laying low. I don't think they can trace it to me.

-Well, they have to Cocoa Beach.

-I used computer at library.

-They'll just check the logs.

-Never signed in.

-Text message coming in on my phone: Just arrested Skippy Diddles of Blue Heron Apartments. He apparently *was* signed in for that time on that computer. Charge: Fomenting Insurrection by calling for revolutionary "happening" which ended in shooting up of noted DC Republican Power Restaurant after millionaires' filthy tax cut extension passed--this guy adds editorial comment, but he can really text fast!

-Too bad about nerd from library. Revolution victim. They'll torture him.

-There are more. Many arrests, and six of your warriors dead in the bar, plus one tourist walking in the alley behind for some unfathomable reason. Skippy Diddles of New Hampshire. And, of course, Senator Munde, the vague target. Poor bastard, just ready to retire.

-Well you can't do less than nothing. So he was retiring from nothing to nothing and now he is nothing. And you better recheck your names: two Skippy Diddles not possible.

-Oh? Explanatory note surrounded by asterisks! Both individuals named Skippy Diddles in this story are actually named Skippy Diddles.

-Such anomalies cause events to stick in history.

-Yeah. No question. And I doubt if you know it, but Tea Party's "Don't Tread on Me" Brigade defused your revolution by charging from their 2d Amendment Jamboree on Dupont Circle. They never reached the restaurant and two were snuffed by Green Berets--sent to Barry Goldwater and God.

-Too bad they never arrived at restaurant. We had a rocket launcher. Anyway, dying for stupidity might start a healthy trend among Right Wing Cretins.

-Well, what now?

-Trials where the world will hear us, even if we're blocked here by The Establishment and their compliant whore press.

-They haven't got you yet. Will you volunteer for the opportunity?

-We'll see.